

# Daily Empire.

WM. T. LOGAN, Editor.  
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1863.

## Eighth of January.

The Democracy of the State will celebrate this time-honored day of olden times, at Columbus. We have no doubt there will be a gay and festive time at the Capital on that day, and preparations have been made accordingly.

## Dr. Old's at Columbus.

We learn from a gentleman who was in Columbus yesterday, that the escort which accompanied Dr. Old's to the Capitol, was over a mile in length. The Doctor was received in a handsome and appropriate manner, and made a telling speech. We have no doubt this formidable demonstration somewhat softened the spinal column of our "backbone" Governor.

## What Douglas Would have Done.

Senator Douglas, in his speech at Springfield, Illinois, in 1862, thus gave his opinion of such an emancipation proclamation as that just issued by Lincoln. He said:

"I will never sanction nor acquiesce in any warfare whatever upon the Constitutional rights or domestic institutions of the people of the Southern States. [Applause.] On the contrary, if there was an attempt to invade those rights, to stir up servile insurrection among their people, I would rush to their rescue, and interfere, with whatever of strength I might possess, to defend them from such a calamity."

## How They Save the Union.

An Abolition writer in the Boston Commonwealth thus alludes to the perpetuity of the Union and of our form of Government:

"Rather than see that institution reappear in our national Congress, I would rejoice in seeing not one stone left upon another of this proud fabric, as human was reared, like Dahomey's throne, on human skulls."

That is the sentiment of the whole Abolition party. They would rather see the Government shattered in fragments, than a reunion of the States with slavery, as it was before the war. These Abolitionists will tell you they are for the Union, but it must be a Union as they want it—not the old Union.

## The Great Battles Near Murfreesboro.

There is reason to believe that the four days fighting near Murfreesboro, has been, with perhaps, the exception of the seven days fighting before Richmond, the most terrific and stubbornly contested of any since the commencement of the war. Both armies have won imperishable honors, and demonstrated to the world that no other nation can compare with Americans in cool, undimmed courage, daring, heroism and bravery.

The loss of life in these battles has been terrible, both sides fighting with the most obstinate bravery. And so far as we can judge from the very unreliable and somewhat conflicting reports before us no decisive result has been achieved. Both armies have performed prodigies of valorous daring and won imperishable honors, but in our opinion neither can claim a decisive victory. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed, and for what? Are we any nearer the subjugation of the South than before these battles and terrible loss of life? But we have no hope that this fratricidal strife will end with the blood already shed. The Administration will claim a great victory at Murfreesboro, and thereupon all the Abolition war-papers in the country will raise the cry that the "backbone of the rebellion is broken"—the "war is about ended in the Southwest," &c. There will be found plenty of people to believe them, although they have been deceived by just such stuff, time and again, and under a fresh impetus given by this false hope of speedily crushing the rebellion, thousands of lives more will be offered up in this fruitless contest. And after all the loss of blood and treasure, and the piling up a huge national debt that the youngest among us will not live to see liquidated, it will have to be settled by compromise. How the Abolitionists hate that word.

The woolly-head organ in Washington now advocates winter quarters for the Army of the Potomac. What a hue and cry was raised when General McClellan was suspected of entertaining such an idea.

The Pottstown (Pa.) Ledger says, two negroes in that county recently visited a house in the absence of the men, knocked down a girl and plundered the house. Father Abraham, take the people's money and give us four millions more!

## Abolitionism, not Slavery.

It is not slavery, but abolition, which has been the cause of all our troubles. It is not true that slavery ruled the country; that slavery was insolent in its demands; that slavery was aggressive on the rights of the people of the free states. There is not one fact in the history of the country which affords the least foundation for either of these charges. The slave States had just that share in the government of this country which the constitution gave them—no more, no less; they never demanded or sought a privilege from the general government which could not be enjoyed equally by all, and which the constitution did not justify. They never asked for special privileges of any kind. The South never interfered with a local institution of the north, directly or indirectly, and no man in the northern states can point to a wrong which any citizen of his state suffered at home in property, person, or civil rights, through the existence of slavery in the southern States. It was not to resist the violation of a single personal or State right; not to redress a single wrong inflicted upon themselves or their section that the Abolition party was organized; but to war upon the institutions of the south in behalf of the negro; and when they have succeeded, the country's epitaph may be written—"A people who lost their own liberties in giving freedom to the negro."

The New York Times' Nashville dispatch, says the Federal loss in the Murfreesboro battles amounts to 9,500 killed and wounded, and 5,000 taken prisoners. The Confederate loss not given, but said to be heavy. The enemy has fallen back to Talahoma. Our forces are terribly slaughtered, and we presume, in no condition to follow.

General Fremont is at St. Louis, it is said, for the purpose of taking command of an expedition of some kind.—Louisville Democrat.

He is better fitted to lead an expedition of swindlers, than any other kind we know of.

We are indebted to Hon. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM for a copy of the able speech of RICHARD S. MERRICK, delivered before the Young Men's Democratic Invincible Club, at Chicago, December the 11th, 1862.

## From Washington.

Serious Questions for the People—What are the Results of the War?—How is the Money Holding Out?—The Retaliatory Order of Jeff. Davis to be Discussed in the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29. It is the impression here, among those members of Congress who have remained at Washington during the holidays, that, on the re-assembly of that body, some notice will have to be taken of the recent proclamation, or order of retaliation, of Jeff. Davis. Mr. Lincoln, on reading it, only laughed over it, and tried to make it the basis of a joke (so little does he comprehend the reality of the horrors it portends). But at least one of the members of the Cabinet has declared that it shall be discussed at the meeting of that body to-morrow, and I know that a second member of the Cabinet will sustain him in the resolve. In the meantime, it brings up questions which the people will look squarely in the face.

The war has now lasted two years. What kind of a war has it been? What result has been accomplished by it? What prospects are there of successful results in the future? How much longer will the people be willing to have their sons, their husbands and their fathers sacrificed, massacred, butchered, in what Mr. Lincoln calls "accidents," and Bernside calls "attempting impossibilities"? How much longer will the money last that is requisite to carry on this costly and unfruitful contest?

The people (the "plain people," as Mr. Lincoln derisively calls them) are not blind.—They see that the Republican party never intended this war to be a war for the restoration of the Union; but, on the contrary, that the leaders of that party always intended to make it assume such features that a restoration of the Union would be impossible. It has been steadily verging in that direction. It has nearly reached that complexion now. Let but the President issue his contemplated proclamation on New Year's day, and that object will have been fully accomplished. That proclamation will make a restoration of the Union forever impossible. The war has become simply a war for the abolition of slavery, and will be marked, after the 1st of January, by attempted negro insurrections all over the South, which will either be quenched in rivers of negro blood, or else will be attended with horrors too awful to contemplate.

Starting with Mr. Lincoln's solemn declaration that he had no purpose or intention of interfering with slavery in the States where it exists, and passing through a 1st stage of (1st) forbidding officers of the army to return fugitive slaves; (2d) abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia; (3d) passing the confiscation bill; (4th) issuing the emancipation proclamation of September 22, which declares that all slaves in the South shall be free on the 1st of January; and (5th) forbidding officers to place guards around houses in the Southern States, thus exposing defenseless females to the brutal lusts of the fiends that disgrace every army—passing, I say, through all these stages, the war has now assumed a complexion of ferocity at which the world may well stand appalled.

And what results have been accomplished by it, after it has devastated the land, for two years? Has the Union been restored? The sections are wider apart than ever, and reconstruction seems now to be impossible. Is the rebellion at its last gasp? It is stronger to-day than ever. The rebels, so far from being exhausted or impoverished by the war, are better able now than ever before to carry on a long war. They have an army of 450,000 men, and the men are all disciplined soldiers. They are armed with the best weapons known in modern warfare. As long as they are led by Lee, Jackson and Beauregard, and as long as they have such Generals as Longstreet, the two Hills, Johnston and Bockner, are they enemies to be despised? Does it not excite a smile of bitter derision to hear Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward talk of such an army as "insurgents," and speak of "crushing the insurrection"? Have we taken the rebel capital? It is only as far from Washington as Janesville, in Wisconsin, is from Chicago, (Fredericksburg being relatively where Woodstock is.)—We have made four campaigns against Richmond alone, and every campaign has been a failure. And the millions of treasure and the tens of thousands of lives that have been sacrificed in these vain attempts, give some idea of the obstacles that block the road to the rebel capital. Have we defeated the rebel armies? We have been victorious in a few unimportant battles. Our armies have been defeated on many a hard fought field. And, whenever we have gained a great victory, it has been rendered barren of results by the ignorance, stupidity and obstinacy of the triumvirate at Washington. Our own capital is not considered safe without the presence of 150,000 of our best troops, while the thirty-five forts that surround it will remain for generations, monuments of the peril of the capital. Truly, the results of two years of war are not at all flattering to our national pride, or commensurate with the boundless means at the disposal of the government.

What prospect is there that the war will be brought to a successful termination? Not the slightest, under the present Administration.—That Administration is determined to conduct it in the future as in the past, without any general systematic plan, without any other end in view than the abolition of slavery, with the same Generals, the same Cabinet, the same Commander in Chief that we have had for the last six months. We will, of course, have a continuation of the same disasters that have brought disgrace upon our arms.

How much longer will the people give up their relatives to be butchered in vain? How much longer will the finances of the country bear the strain of three millions a day?—These are the questions that will find an answer here, in this capital, before many weeks. The people are tired of the war. They will fight to the last man, and spend the last dollar, in a war for the restoration of the Union, but not for such a war as this has become. The retaliatory order of Jeff. Davis will be literally carried out. It will lead to counter retaliation on our side; and the war, if continued, will be marked by atrocities from which nature will shudder and turn away, and which will exceed in horror the scenes of St. Domingo and the French revolution. Such a war must be stopped. The people demand it.

That we are on the eve of a tremendous financial crisis, no attentive student of passing events can fail to see. As a financier, Mr. Chase has utterly failed. This is not to be wondered at, for no living man could have done better, or provided the funds for an Administration so reckless and imprudent as this one, or for a war of such gigantic proportions. The crash must come, and it may come soon. When it does come, our Government will stand and survive the shock, for it is founded upon the Constitution. But where will this Administration be? X.

## Severe But Just.

A Chestnut Ridge correspondent of a Western paper is very severe, but perfectly just in his observations: "Another great battle has been fought—another severe defeat to our arms. Almost every house is draped in mourning for near and dear friends—slaughtered, butchered, murdered to make an Abolition holiday. How long shall this state of affairs continue? How long will the people remain silent? Shall crime and murder be unavenged? Shall the nation weep on in streams of blood? Shall the Administration at Washington remain secure to commit crimes of unparalleled atrocity?"

But, alas! 'hopes are born but to expire.' Blunder after blunder, crime after crime, willful and deliberate murder after murder have been committed, and the end is not yet. Where is the million soldiers who once swelled the army of the United States, and who would have made it invincible against the world in arms, had Lincoln not interfered? Where is Bull Run? where Ball's Bluff? where the Peninsula? where there, though last, Fredericksburg? The unburied dead on these bloody fields, slaughtered at the bidding of an imbecile President, are beginning to gibber in the ears and move the hearts of loyal American citizens. Retribution will come upon the cowardly knaves who have been despoiling homes and dividing families. They hand on the dial-plate of destiny is beginning to move, and it will never turn back unless moved by the finger of the Almighty.

Is life nothing but a walking shadow? All England blushed with shame when the news came of Warren Hastings' inhumanity in murdering innocent women and helpless babes in the far-off India; and shall not the tinge of shame and indignation crimson the cheeks of every American when he reflects the bastilles and inquisitions, of wholesale slaughters mercilessly exacted by the mandate of Lincoln?

"The corrupted currents of this world, Offense's golden hand may shove by justice; And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself Boys out the law."

But a day of reckoning will come. The descendants of the immortal sires—those sires who declared the sacred rights of man on this nation's birthday—will not "erect the pregnant hinges of the knee" or bear, too long, the burden of despotism. Let a voice come from every cabin in the North, loud and clear, against the usurpers of power, the violators of oaths, the insulters of justice, the accomplices in crime, the conspirators against the best form of human government that was ever devised for the welfare of man.

They have committed acts which have no relief of salvation in them. "Then trip them that their heels may kick at Heaven, And that their souls may be as darts and darts As Hell whereto they go."

Many papers and Democratic Conventions in various parts of Ohio, have nominated C. L. Vallandigham as a candidate for Governor, subject to the decision of the Democratic State Convention. Let him be nominated, say we.—Allen County Democrat.

## (Extract from a Letter on the Battle Field.)

This battle (Antietam) has been the most sanguinary of the war, and the only one fought with visible design and upon military principles. The arrangement of our corps—the overlooking position of the commanding General—the sending into action the right and left divisions—the closing up of the centre, and final success—excites bewildering admiration, and carries the mind to the great fields of Austerlitz and Wagram, fought by Napoleon. Of all this have I spoken. The heart history of such a conflict, purchased by the life and blood of twenty thousand men, must be found in the hospitals. War has its glories—but it has its ten thousand demons in these human tortures, that makes the eyeballs ache—the heart bleed—the lips pale, and the brain reel. The sight is at first positively unendurable. The life-blood of some is still trickling away in silent calmness—while disordered limbs and mania brain of others give rise to sounds God grant I may not again witness.

But ye mothers who here seek a son—or wives a husband—or sisters a brother—or sons a father—know and be consoled that even here the hand of mercy is watchful, and better care is bestowed upon your loved ones than might at first seem possible. It was in the hospital, where rested the gallant Hooker that I learned the history of those mythical words so often seen and so little understood, "S. T.—1860—X." Anything alleviating the sufferings and saving the lives of our soldiers, is a national blessing. I witnessed some astonishing results from this article.

It is well known the effect of burnt gunpowder and excitement is thirst, which added to the loss of blood in the wounded, creates the necessity of a reviving stimulant. In this particular hospital, the physicians were allowing their patients to drink Plantation Bitters, otherwise called S. T.—1860—X, and although the wounded are most numerous here—this division having opened the fight at 5 in the morning—the men were mostly composed, and there was very little fainting. The article acts upon the stomach and nerves in a most incomprehensible manner, superior to brandy, and without subsequent stupefying reaction. It originated in the West Indies, composed of the celebrated Calisaya Bark, Roots, Herbs, &c.; all preserved in St. Croix Rum—the S. T.—1860—X being a secret ingredient, not yet revealed to the public.—It is principally recommended for want of appetite, disordered liver, intermittent fevers, stomach difficulties, &c. I understand it was somewhat known in the Southern States previous to the war, and it appears an agent of Jefferson Davis recently applied to the proprietors for the privilege to make it for hospital purposes during the war, to which they made the following reply:

New York, Jan. 16th, 1862.  
Mr. Agent of the:  
Dear Sir,—In reply to our communication, offering us "Fifty thousand dollars for the recipe and right to make the Plantation Bitters for your hospital purposes during the war," we beg to say, your price is a liberal one, considering it would cost us nothing to comply, and that otherwise we can derive no revenue from the Southern States; but, our duties to our Government and our ideas of consistency would not allow us to entertain it, although it might please us to assuage the sufferings of your misguided followers.

We remain,  
Very respectfully yours,  
P. H. DRAKE & CO.  
These gentlemen give the history of certain ingredients of their article for over two hundred years—showing that through all changes of the medical profession and its practitioners, strength, composure and cheerfulness have been derived from these sources. Dr. Woods in the Washington Hospitals informed me that one patient was fast sinking and crazy, and had not slept an hour for two weeks, until the Plantation Bitters came to his knowledge, when one day's trial gave him a night's rest, and he was now fast recovering. I am surprised our Government has not equalled Jefferson Davis in energy, and adopted this invaluable article in all our hospitals. The weak soldiers cling to it like a brother. As a lay member, I can bear witness, it is "good to take," and affords more energy and life than anything I ever tried. Success to the Plantation Bitters.

But I have digressed. In my next I shall speak of gathering in the wounded, burying the dead, &c.  
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NICODERUS.

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Colored Dress Silks, 75, 87c, \$1; Black Dress Silks, \$1.25, \$1.50.

## Bleached Shirting Muslins.

Good quality at 25, 10%, 20c. BLEACHED AND BROWN CANTON FLANNELS.

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Colored Army Blankets: 9-4, 10-4, 12-4, 14-4 super Red Blankets, \$5.00, \$6.00, Children's Grade and Old Blankets; Opera Blankets; Plain and Twilled Goods.

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Embroidered Collars, \$5.00, \$6.00; Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in great variety; Plain Linen Collars and Handkerchiefs; Lace Veils; Cambric and Muslin do.; Rouleaux, Gimpure, Thread, Laces and Valenciennes Laces.

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Of Cashmere and Wool Plaid.

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These preparations are not only as good as other remedies, but they are far better than the best, for the simple reason that these never fail to cure in a few days, while all others do not in many cases. They are unlike every other medicine prescribed for Venereal Diseases, as they contain no copious or mineral poison. The "Cherokee Remedy" should be taken internally, in teaspoonful doses. It is diuretic and alterative in its action, it purifies and cleanses the blood, causing it to flow in its original purity and vigor, thus removing from the system all impure and pernicious causes which have induced disease.

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